

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Then Comes Tuesday.

By CRAWFORD LUTTELL
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NOW, Monday, as everybody knows, is the bluest day in the week, and there was no exception to the general rule in the case of Hart Meehan, although she had recently reached the apex of her ambition by being made head of the piece-goods department in Bloomstein's big store on the avenue.

She was the first woman who had ever held such an exalted position there, and she had, on the great day of her sweet success, felt that she was the happiest woman in the whole world. But on this particular Monday, although the sun shone and the elusive fragrance of spring was in the air, Hart, trim in her chic blue tulle dress and smart little hat with its flaring wings, was subtly aware that something had gone wrong, but she was not willing definitely to define her grievance even to herself.

She looked casually in the attractive windows of Black & Sons just to see what they were showing as specials that day, and she was instantly conscious of the fact that the well-known figure of a man was there and that he was carefully displaying yards and yards of fish-colored georgette and conspicuously displaying cards on which had been printed the startling announcement: "Georgette for Summer Dresses—\$2.50 a yard."

Hart thoroughly aroused over such competition and what it would mean to her own daily sales, stopped perfectly still, then moved nearer the big plate glass window and peered through it in an effort to critically examine the quality of the material. Georgette at two fifty per yard! Why, any firm would lose money on such a proposition. She was all business at that minute.

It was only when the man turned his head and saw her standing there as if rooted to the spot that the success or failure of the piece goods department at Bloomstein's suddenly faded into insignificance and Hart, instantly crimson, was conscious of only one thing, and that was that big Bill Maloney was looking at her out of his laughing blue-gray Irish eyes and nodding good humoredly just as if he had not taken the cold cream demonstrator with the blondine marcel out to lunch without so much as a by-your-leave from her when he pretended to love her and had asked her to marry him.

Of course, she had refused him again only two nights before, but Bill had never taken her at her word, had always laughed and lifted her slender, well-cared-for hands, had kissed their cool finger tips and told her that some day they would be losing their polish when she cooked and washed dishes for him.

"I'll neither cook nor wash dishes for any man," she had scornfully told him, and Bill had stopped smiling for a minute and then he had turned away and had run down the boarding house steps just in time to catch the last car.

That had been Friday night. Saturday noon she had lingered in the rest room at the store so that she would not appear to be too keen to meet Bill at the entrance of the store, where he always waited to take her to lunch and to finish out their half-holiday by going to a matinee together.

She had finally made her tardy appearance only to have the very breath in her throat choked back at sight of Bill walking jauntily off beside the loud, dizzily blond cold cream demonstrator who had been holding forth for six days in Bloomstein's. A bit dazed, Hart watched them go through the revolving doors into the smart new tearoom that had just been opened across the avenue. She had then rushed home in a frenzy of indignation.

Saturday night had come and gone. An endless Sunday had somehow dragged itself wearily to a close. And now Monday morning—with Black & Sons advertising georgette to sell at a price below cost. It was true enough that when it rains it pours.

Hart stiffly returned Bill's warming smile, although her heart leaped at the sudden glow in his Irish blue-gray eyes.

Once inside the ornate doors of Bloomstein's, Hart called for the advertising manager and brusquely demanded that an east window be cleared at once and a sign speedily painted reading "Georgette Reduced from \$4 to \$2.50." The manager looked dubiously at the trim young figure of the new department head, but went obediently about the task.

At 10:30 Bloomstein himself came down from the office, swearing softly at the crowd of bargain snatchers that filled the aisles and swayed hungrily over the counter toward the slim young thing who had heroically made such blessings for them possible. In no uncertain terms Bloomstein called Hart to one side.

"What do you mean, young woman, losing money for me like this? Was it for this I trained you, promoted you, trusted you? My God, a few such tricks will ruin me! Georgette at two-thirty-nine a yard and women willing to pay me anything! His gesture was one of hopeless greed and despair.

"I've done nothing of the kind," snapped Hart. "What if we are losing eleven cents on every other bit of georgette here, and when I get customers in here buying georgette don't you think I'm saleswoman enough to sell them something that will more than cover the loss, and in fact make you about 75 per cent profit? If you don't like my business methods say so! I'll resign this morning."

"Well, there's some sense to what you say, I apologize." She went back to the clamoring throng.

At 1 o'clock Hart crossed the avenue and entered the smart new tearoom, where Bill had taken the Amantian blonde two days before. She did not know why she was going there, but she was waiting. She had just been seated by a waiter when she saw Bill Maloney slipping into the chair opposite her.

"You put it all over me this morning, girl," he said quietly. "I've been watching for you since twelve-thirty to acknowledge that you are shrewder than I am and that all my talk about girls staying home and keeping house has been hot air. You got the crowd this morning, and, of course, you covered your loss by increasing prices on other things. Anybody could sting 'em with a hypo when they were all lined up waiting for the needle. You're some smart little girl. No wonder you don't want to marry a big boob like me and cook and wash dishes and—"

A little far-away light shone in his blue-gray Irish eyes and seemed to quiver for a second at the corner of his wide, straight mouth. "And another with—little Maloneys, girl," he added.

Hart had not expected anything like that. For a full second she stared unblinkingly at him, then her own lips quivered and a big tear that sparkled like a jewel splashed down her cheek.

Linen Model
For Home
Dressmaker

By CORA MOORE

New York's Fashion Authority. NEW YORK, June 1.—The woman who can do at least some part of her own dressmaking is a fortunate person in these days of the high cost of everything, and here is a model that is bound to appeal to her. It is linen in a soft, old blue.

An oddly shaped panel that starts out to be nine inches wide at the top, gradually narrows into a width of four inches where it falls in with the rest of the skirt. At either side are hung saddle pockets, roomy things that are also highly decorative.

The surplice blouse has a long collar and shaped cuffs which, like the pockets, are embroidered with an effective vine pattern in deep pink linen floss.

With this Miss Eva Le Gallienne, of "Not So Long Ago," wears, off stage, a hat made of the linen band with a narrow strip of patent leather. This is one of Miss Le Gallienne's personal frocks.

"But I do, Bill. I want to do all of those things for you."

All the leaping gladness in his heart flashed into his face at that. Heedless of the people around them, he squeezed her hand. "Maybe I'm not such a fool, after all," he chuckled.

Then he leaned nearer. "Tonight I'm going to kiss that dimple in your cheek until I make up for every time I've wanted to do it, girl, and never dared."

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

(By Olive Roberts Barton)

Ben Bunny Gets Spring Cleaned—Scramble Squirrel, Too!

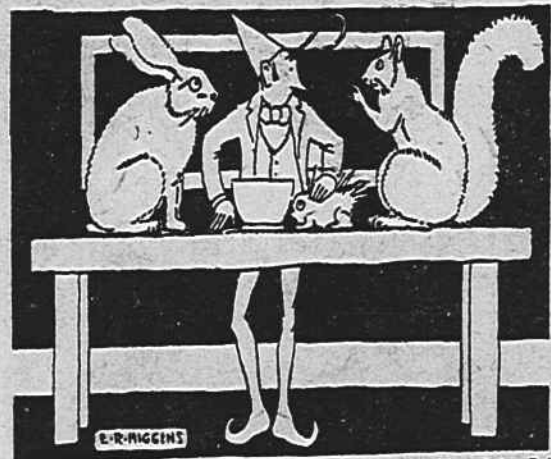
Rubadub, the fairyman, called Ben Bunny to come next and get cleaned up to go to the Land-Where-Spring-Was-Coming.

Now, of course, Ben had been asleep all winter under warm blankets and a nice white bedspread (of snow), but you know how you get tousled when you're asleep, and you need to be washed and combed in the morning, very much indeed. But Ben had another reason for coming to Scrub-Up Land to see Rubadub.

Scramble Squirrel was with him, and Scramble had the same reason Ben had for coming. He, too, had been asleep all winter in a bedstead of tree roots, with his pantry right beside him, so he could reach out and help himself without disturbing the covers. He needed scrubbing as much as Ben Bunny—combing too, his tail was so tangled. But both had something on their minds besides being spring-cleaned.

When Rubadub called Ben, Scramble came running, too.

"Hello, here, you two vagabonds," laughed Rubadub, dipping his



Ben Bunny and Scramble Squirrel whispered something into Rubadub's ear.

scrubbing brush (a porcupine, you know) into a bucket of suds. "If dirt was a penny a pound you'd be millionaires."

For awhile he was very busy lathering and scrubbing and rinsing and rubbing, until both Ben and Scramble looked as spick and span as laundry baskets.

You'll do now, run along and have a good time," nodded Rubadub to the two of them. But instead of going away, Ben Bunny whispered something into Rubadub's ear, on one side, and Scramble Squirrel whispered the something into the ear on the other side.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the fairyman in surprise. "You two are queer ones! But I'll have to ask Nancy and Nick what they think about it."

I'll tell you tomorrow what it was that Ben and Scramble wanted.

CONFESSIONS
OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, N. E. A.)

I like to fancy that I keep posted on new books and up-to-date philosophies of life. As I considered Daddy Lorimer's appeal to me to help preserve the family 'southern from Ann's heedless blows, it suddenly occurred to me that many authors are now exalting individualism at the expense of the family. As an institution, the family is losing prestige for several reasons. I have read. Economic forces are disrupting it. High rents, for instance, compel families to live in small quarters; human compression results in explosions of temper; one by one, a son or a daughter, a wife or a husband, leaves the home circle.

Art, science, or a new cult beckons another to an "individual" career. Or some new god of love demands "liberty" for his worshippers!

There was Ann with her ability to read and her lack of ability to think. Modernism had gone to her head. Some of it is pretty strong stuff for a weak brain, I suppose.

Ann, at least, demanded for herself all the freedom of the theorists. Her ideas were gleaned from the smart stuff she had picked up in current plays and scenarios and novels. She crammed her head with weird theories and applied them to life!

But new social theories are always several decades ahead of social practices. Daddy Lorimer knew that when he sent Ann, like a naughty child, to confess to Mother Lorimer.

I was awfully curious to know what Ann had told mother and how mother had reprimanded her, but of course mother never would tell me that.

I was especially interested because daddy represents the average conservative masculine point of view on sex subjects while mother holds to the Ellen-Key variety of opinions, although she never, never would think of applying them to her own affairs nor let a woman of her clan live by them.

Daddy loathes feminism. The double moral standard has always been plenty good enough for him to live by!

I had seen how he reacted to Ann's escapade. I was terribly anxious to know how dear mother hoped to influence her new, pretty, headstrong little daughter-in-law.

No dinner for Ann that evening, she phoned me, and I didn't blame her. She had gone through enough. She had gone through enough.

She spoiled a very healthy appetite. She called up to ask if Bob was going to the regular meeting of his army post and learning that I was to be alone, she came over by the short cut through the Lorimer park, almost as soon as Bob had gone.

I put her into my nicest chair, where she looked like a had child that had cried until tired—and hadn't profited any too well by punishment.

Ann was in a pouting mood—just wanted to sit around and not say anything, just wanted to keep on pouting to let me know how abused she felt.

I've seen girls do that much too often to be impressed. So I sat down on the floor beside her and began to scold her in a real sisterly fashion: "Now you're let yourself in for it."

"Now you're let yourself in for it," I told her. "This noon, that you when I told you, more? Can't you understand that you belong to this tribe and because you belong, you have got to be clean."

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to adopt its standards? I'm tired of talking of it. For goodness sake, get the point!"

"There wasn't the least bit of harm in my dancing with Mr. Iron," Ann protested. "He's—he's a perfectly lovely waiter!"

"Daddy Lorimer didn't think so," I replied. "You've got Daddy down on you and when you lose Daddy's approval you lose a lot, let me tell you!"

"At this, Ann wept. "Do you think he will—will—interfere with the new checking account he fixed up for me yesterday?" she quavered.

"Oh la! la!" I sighed and I got up and walked across the room and flung myself onto a soft couch in despair. Oh la! la! Why waste good advice if that wonderful new checking account was the poor girl's standard of Lorimer values!"

SISTER MARY'S
KITCHEN

(Copyright, 1929, N. E. A.)

Kettles will boil dry and food burn even in the best of families. The weather or atmospheric conditions have much to do with the excessive evaporation during boiling and the first thing you know something is burned and the kettle's to scour.

For a "burned on" kettle—put some soapuds in the kettle, add a tablespoonful of scouring powder and put over the fire. Bring to a boil slowly and let boil gently for a few minutes. Pour off the water. Most of the burn will scrape off with a putty knife and the rest will yield to scouring powder.

Never try to scrape the bottom of any cooking dish without first loosening and softening the deposit. No matter what the metal, it will scratch and chip it.

Menu for Tomorrow.
Breakfast—Halves of grapefruit, fried corn meal mush, syrup, coffee.
Luncheon—Salsify cream soup, toasted crackers, ginger bread sandwiches, tea.

Dinner—Boneless birds, creamed potatoes, asparagus salad, coconut graham pudding, coffee.

My Own Recipes.
A cream soup is a very nourishing luncheon dish. If egg yolks are used a large amount of fat is furnished. The milk supplies protein. Ginger bread sandwiches are a bit unusual and we think easy to eat.

GINGER BREAD SANDWICHES.
Ginger bread.
1 1/4 cup finely chopped nuts.
1 1/4 cup chopped dates.
1 tablespoon cream.
1 1/4 teaspoon salt.

Cut a fresh but cool ginger bread into slices one-quarter inch thick. Spread with the cheese mixture and cover with a slice of ginger bread. More cream may be needed to make the mixture perfectly smooth.

COCOANUT GRAHAM PUDDING.
3 cups milk.
3 1/2 cup fresh grated cocoanut.
2 1/2 cups graham bread crumbs.
1 1/2 cup sugar.
2 eggs.
1 1/2 teaspoon butter.

Beat eggs, add sugar and salt and beat a few minutes longer. Add cocoanut. Put half the bread in a buttered baking dish, add half the cocoanut mixture. Add the rest of the bread and the cocoanut alternately. Bake in a slow oven till firm to the touch. It will take about 50 minutes.

Be it said to the credit of Adam that he never referred to "the pies that mother used to bake." MARY.

Her Cordial Indorsement.
Eva was left alone with grandma for the day. An aunt, upon her return, said "Did you have a nice day, Eva?" to Eva she replied, "I had a fine day."

in bottles

YOU taste the tempting tang of lemons in cold, sparkling Ward's Lemon-Crush! A refreshing delight when the sun is hottest.

Contains the oil of fresh-picked lemons, pure sugar and citric acid (the natural acid of citrus fruit).

or at fountains

tempting lemon tang

Ward's

LEMON

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Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago Laboratory, Los Angeles

Sold for free book, "The Story of Orange-Crush and Lemon-Crush"

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Sold by Fairmont Pharmacy and all toilet counters.

FARMINGTON

Improving Property
Frosty Wise is improving his property in Ireland addition by building a new sunn rior and by painting his house.

W. S. Reynolds is brightening up his house in West Farmington with a new coat of paint.

Mr. Cole is rebuilding the stone wall in front of his property on Chatham avenue and is also painting his house.

Season Ends.
The high school baseball season ended last week when the Alumni was played here Friday and Belle at Westview Saturday.

The Alumni won Friday by the count of 7 to 4. The high schoolers could not get started till the sixth inning but put four runs across the plate, but this was not enough to win the seven inning game. The Alumni had a strong lineup including Jessie Stewart of the West Virginian team of the City League of Fairmont and "Harsh" Boord of the Annabell independent nine. Line-up: Alumni, Stewart left field, Hupp Shortstop, Dudley second base, Clelland catcher, Boord first base, Dunham third base, Gallien centerfield, Hughes right field, Kerr pitcher.

F. H. S., Capet third base, Rothberger second base, Wilcox catcher, Donaldson pitcher, Laughlin first base, Hagerty short stop, Gallien left field, Rudy centerfield, Fleming right field, Unipre Rock.

The team went to Westview Saturday and were defeated 11 to 5 under the same conditions as the game Friday, couldn't get started till it was 100 late.

The season was a success as 5 games were won and 5 lost. Farmington Independents 8, F. H. S. 11; Barracksville Independents 13, F. H. S. 12 (10 innings); Thornburn 4, F. H. S. 17; Mannington 2, F. H. S. 3; Fairview 10, F. H. S. 6; F. H. S. 9; Thornburn 2; Westview 5, F. H. S. 14; Fairview 11, F. H. S. 5; Alumni 7, F. H. S. 4; Westview 11, F. H. S. 5.

To Gettysburg.
E. D. Morgan accompanied by his son-in-law Morgan Hamilton and Mr.

Hamilton's son, Lynn of Fairmont, attended the Memorial Day ceremony at Gettysburg, Pa. Mr. Morgan went as a representative of the Mendle Post No. 6, G. A. R. of Fairmont.

Meeting.
Protracted meeting is in progress at the Church of Christ here.

Improving.
Mrs. D. A. Ward, who was operated upon her at home here recently is getting along nicely at this time.

Picnic.
The high school went on a picnic Friday afternoon at the Downs Grove at Cunningham. Everybody had a good time.

Visiting Mother.
Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Morris were visiting Mr. Morris' mother, Mrs. David Morris at her home on Coleman avenue, Fairmont.

From Clarksburg.
Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Grubbe and three sons of Clarksburg were the

Guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Burdett here Sunday.

Crowd to Games.
Crowds of baseball fans went to Blackhawk Park Sunday and Monday to see the games there.

Grand Home.
Miss Myrtle Michael of Ohio, who has been teaching Home Economics in the high school (the past term) has gone to her home at Ohio for the summer vacation.

Visiting Daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Wells and Mr. A. S. Wells were visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Wells' daughter, Mrs. Pitzer and family at Bethel Sunday here Sunday.

Visiting Brother.
Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Downs of Fairmont were visiting Mr. Downs' brother, Mr. Rufus Downs and Mrs. Downs here Sunday.

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